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The Song of Solomon,

VERSIFIED FROM THE

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF JAMES OF ENGLAND,

INTO THE DIALECT OF THE

COLLIERS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

BUT PRINCIPALLY THOSE

DWELLING ON THE BANKS OF THE TYNE.

BY

J. P. ROBSON,

AUTHOR OF "TYNESIDE SONGS," "BARDS OF THE TYNE," ETC.



1860.

*I certify that only 250 copies of this work have been printed, of which
one is on thick paper, with red border.*

GEORGE BARCLAY,
28 Castle Street, Leicester Square.

SOLOMON'S SANG.

Part First.

THE fang iv a' the tother fangs,
King Solomon's is best.
Let him wi' kisses squeeze maw gob,
His luve's like wine new preft.
The smell iv his fine farve is nice,
His neym's like oil teem'd oot;
O a' wor lasses foller thee,—
They like thee well, ne doot.

'Tice us, an' we'll run efter thee,—
The king is full o' spree;
He browt me tiv his sleepin'-pleyce,
Where beds wes meyd for me.

We'll a' be fond to play wi' thee,
Thaw luve we think fe fine;
The jenick likes thee, for thaw luve
Teystes better far nor wine.

Aw's black, but bonny, Salem lasses,
Like the Kedar-shows;
Or, like the cortins where wor king
Lies under for a doze.
Noo, divent glower at me fe,
Becas aw's black as feut;
Becas the fun maw fkin hes tann'd,
Maw mother's bairns cries, "Slut!"

They meyd me like some owerman,
Grape-gardins fet to watch;
But aw ha'e niver keekt aboot
Me awn grape-gardin patch.
"O tell me, hinny! maw fowl's luve!
Where dift thou get thaw beyte?
Where, wi' thaw lammies dift thou gan
Et twelve o'clock to wait?
What for becas, fud aw be fond
To turn an' gan away,
When, wi' thaw lammie-marrows, luve,
Thou hes a mind to play?"

“O bonniest thing o’ woman-fort!
Whie ef thou difent ken,
Juft foller reet the bleeters’ paws,
An’ feun thoo’ll find me *then*;
An’ beyte the maa-lams, where they lie
A side thor shipherd-men!”

Maw luv, aw’ll tell thee what thoo’s like,
For O thoo’s beautiful!
A cumpany o’ horfes grand
That Pharo’s coaches pull!
Fine raws o’ jools hing doon thaw cheeks;
Thaw neck’s wiv goold-cheyns fet;
But gooldin borders thoo mun ha’e,
Wiv filler buttons, pet!

Noo, elways, when maw Solomon
Sits doon his flesh to eat,
The faented hair-oil on me heed
Smells iv his nose fe sweet!
Maw cumley darlin’s like a bunch
O’ pofies in maw eye;
Aw shure, a’ neet atween maw breefts,
Maw Solomon fall lie!

Like camfor-bags tied on a string,
Maw fweetheart is te me !
Sic camfor that in grape-yards grows
Upon Engeddi's tree.
Lucka ! maw hinny, but thoo's fair !
Thoo bangs a' other luves ;
O verra bonny, cumley, nice,
Thaw peepers like the duves' !
Wor hoofe hes jeefts o' pencil-wood ;
For-rafters, tee, aloft ;
An' then wor bed, where oft we lies,
Is verra green an' foft.

Part Second.

AW'S the reed rose on Sharon that blows;
Aw's a lily as white as the snaws;
Aw's the lily 'mang thorns,
Tiv maw true-luve aw turns;
For te like him aw've elways hed cawse.

As the apple-tree's best in maw feet;
Se ne marrow maw luvver can beat;
Aw fat doon on the grund
Where his shador was fund,
An' aw teyfted his apples se sweet!

Tiv his hoofe an' his feaft aw wes ta'en;
An' his luve-flag wes spread oot ageyn;
Gi'e me drink, for aw's dry!
Fetch us apples o' joy!
For wi' luve aw's fair seek wiv its pain!

His left hand lies under maw heed,
An' he cuddles me clofe wiv his reet!
 Be the bucks an' the does
 Let maw sweetheart repose!
Salem-laffes, step soft wi' yor feet!

Maw luv's like a doe or young buck,
He stops 'hint a bratish to leuk!
 Past wor windor he keeks,
 For it's me that he seeks;
Noo clofe to the stainchels he's stuck!

O, wheeft! for aw hears maw luv say,
"Get up, bonny las! Come away!
 For the winter is geyn;
 Past an' deun is the rain,
An' the grund wi' sweet posies leuks gay!

"Noo's the time for the sma' burds to sing,
An' the coo-cooin' pidgin aw hear!
 Ther's green fegs on the tree,
 An' young grapes thoo may fee;
Get up! Come away, hinny dear!"

O maw duve! i' the rocks thoo abides;
I' the steps o' the steyns thoo mun be;

Let me leuk on thaw cheek!
Let me yence hear thee speak,
For thaw voice is fair mufic to me!

Trap thor foxes! the little yens watch!
For they smafh a' the grapes they can catch;
Let neyn o' them 'scape,
Els' we'll not ha'e yen grape;
An' they're tender,—them grapes i' wor patch!

Aw's maw luve's, an' maw luvver is mines;
'Mang the lilies he feeds a' the day!
An' tiv neet-clouds a' flee,
An' the mornin' aw fee,
Frev maw feyce thoo mun ne'er turn away;
Thoo thaw leifhnefs can show,
Like a young buck an' doe,
When on moontins o' Bether they play!

Part Thurd.

AW weykent on maw bed at neet,
To find maw luve aw tried ;
Aw fowt him, but aw fand him oot—
He wafent biv me fide !
Aw'll noo get up—the toon aw'll fearch,
An' prowl aboot the streets ;
Aw'll feek him i' the pleyces wide,
An' ax a' folk aw meets.

Aw fowt him that maw fowl luves weel,
But he was oot o' feet ;
The watchmen-cheps, that shoot the clock,
Cam' te me wiv a leet :
Says aw te them, “Surs, ha'e ye feed
Maw true-luve as ye past ?”
When, juft a wee-bit efter this,
Maw cumley cam' et laft !

Aw catcht him quick, an' haddet him,—
Aw wadent let him gan ;
Tiv reet inside maw mother's hoofe
Aw browt maw darlin' man :
For te maw mother's sleeping-pleyce,
To 'tice him wes me plan !

Noo, Salem-laffes, haud your wheeft !
For, by the bucks an' roes,
Ye shanet stop maw luver's sleep,
Till he hes teyn his doze !

Whe's yon, that's cumin' frae the moor,
Like some lang chimley's fmoke,
Wiv poothers, rofels, burnin' faents,
Frev greet shopkeeper-folk ?

Leuk at his bed ! that's Solomon's !
Sic like wes ne'er afore !
Wiv big jew-fowlgers roond aboot,
Aw's warn'd ye, fair threescore !

They awl hae fwurds ! tho're cliver cheps,
An' verra bad te beat ;
Upon thor theeghs thor fwurds they weer,
For dreed o' theeves et neet.

A coach the king hissel hes meyd,
Wiv woods frae Lebenon;
The stainchels folid filler fine,
The king hissel pat on.

Nowt but fair goold the bottom pairt,
The top was porple, tee;
For luv the middle peyv'd fe fine,
For Salem-lassies free.
How! Zion's dowters, a' turn oot!
King Solomon is here!
Leuk at his bonny goolden croon,
His mother meyd him weer,
I' the day when he wes newly wed,
When nowt he had to fear!

Fair Flower.

LUCKA! maw luv, but thoo is fair!

Aye, verra fair thoo iz, begox!
There's pidgins' peepers in thaw hair;
Thaw hair's like billy-goats in flocks,
That on moont Gilyid lowp an' stare.
Thaw teeth's like sheep's, a' evin fet,
That frev the tubs come dreepin' wet;
Like yowes that bonny twinnies bear,
For neyn's wivoot her marrows there.
Thaw lips, like threeds o' scarlet, meet,
An' O! thaw speakin' soon's fe sweet!
Thaw temples, like tve apples, shine
Aneath thor cumley curls o' thine.
Thaw neck is like King Deyvie's toor,
Beelt up to had steel-armor shure;
A thoofan' targits there te hing,
For mighty cheps te fence thor king.

Like two young twinny roes, thaw breests,
That 'mang the snaw-white lilies feasts.
Noo, tiv the breakin o' the day,
An' a' the mirk-clouds flee away;
Aw'll te the hill o' marr retreat,
An' stop amang the infense sweet;
For thoo is fair, maw bonny luve,
Ne spot is fand i' thee, maw duve!
Come wi' me here frae Lebenon,
Maw cumley wife, wi' me, come on!
Leuk frev Amana's pofy top;
Frae Shenir an' frae Hermon's hill;
Frae where the roarin' lions stop,
An' where the leppards' lyin' still.

Maw heart's fair ravisht, sifter — wife!
It's a' thaw een an' thaw neck's-cheyn;
Maw heart's fair ravisht; an' maw life
Biv luv'in' thee, is fairly geyn!
Fair is thaw luve, maw sifter dear,
Better thaw luve's nor wine;
Thaw ointmin' smells far better here,
Nor a' sweet fpices fine.

Thaw lips, maw wife, wiv honey drops;
Thaw tongue's where milk an' honey stops;

An' then thaw claes is smellin' still
Iv Lebenon's flooer-faented hill!
Maw sifter's like a gardin fair,
Inclof'd, that neyn may gan in there;
Maw luv's a spring fhut up frae feet,—
A well, sealed, like a letter, reet.
Thaw plants where apple-gardins shows
Thor froots fe ripe te eat;
Where camfor an' the spike-oil grows,
An' a' things smellin' sweet.

White kalymus, reed finnymin,
An' yaller saffrin-trees;
Wiv infense, marr, an' allowès,
An' spices fyke as please.
A foont o' gardins—leevin' wells—
Where Lebenon teems oot her smells.

“Get up, ye breezes frae the north!
An' thoo, footh wind, blaw canny forth!
Abeun maw gardin theyk thaw wings,
That smells may oppin a' thor springs;
Then maw true-luv an' me 'ill meet,
His gardin's pleefan' froots te eat!”

Pairt Fife.

TIV maw gardin, maw sifter, aw've come;
 Aw've raked up the marr an' the spice;
 Honey-blobs aw ha'e lickt frae me thumb,
 An' aw've suppt a' the milk an' wine nice.
 Maw freen's, come, eat an' drink wi' me,
 Drink, maw true love; drink plenty, tee!

Aw sleeps, but maw heart's on the muve,
 An' the cawl o' me luvver aw hear;
 He says, "Oppin, maw sifter, maw luve!
 Maw unspeckled duve, an' maw dear!
 Maw heed wi' dew is fairly weet,
 Wesht biv the rainin' o' the neet.

"Aw hae pat off the coat frae me back;
 Hoo ageyn can aw put me coat on?
 Aw ha'e wesht baith maw feet frae the black,
 An' aw'll clag them wi' muck ef aw run!"

Maw luvè then pat his neef inside
The hole what's i' wor dooer;
Hoo cud aw lie, an' langer bide?
Aw let him for shure!

Tiv maw true-luvè aw oppint the dooer,
An' maw han's wes a' cover'd wi' smell;
Biv marr wes maw fingurs spread ower,
That in drops on the lock-hannels fell.

Tiv maw luvè aw the dooer oppint wide,
But maw sweetheart wes vanisht an' geyn;
Hoo aw trimmelt wheniver he figh'd,
But maw luvè had left me aleyne.
Aw tried te find him but aw fail'd,
Nor did he anfur when aw hail'd.

Biv the watchmen that shoot the toon roond,
Aw wes fand, an' they treeted me fair;
For they ga'e me a verra bad woond,
An' they rove oot the curls o' maw hair.
Maw veil wes pull'd clean frae me feyce,
Biv the watchmen-rips about the pleyce.

O ye lasses o' Salem, teyk heed,
An' mind, ef maw sweetheart ye fee,
That ye tell him aw's verra nigh deed,
An' to hurry, thereckleys, te me!
"O woman, that's fair 'mang the fair,
What's thaw luvver owt mair nor the rest?
For thaw sweetheart what cawl need we care
Ow mair nor the lads we like best?"

Maw luvver is white an' he's reed,
Mang ten thoofan' he's chief o' them a'!
Like the finest o' goold is his heed,
An' his hair is as black as a craw.
His een like the cufhat's appears,
When biv wetters ther' bonnily fet;
For ther' wesht biv the soft milky tears,
An' they shine like coal-di'mins o' jet.

Like twe beds o' fine fpices, his cheeks,
Or the flooers i' wor gardins they are;
His lips is like lilies that speaks,
Droppin' sweet smellin' ointmin' an' marr.
Goold rings fet wi' di'mins that shines,
His han's elways seems te maw feet;
Ow'r his belly, like ivory, twines
The glisterin' blue steyns complete.

Like twe pillars o' white marvel, fet
On thor' sockits o' goold, is his knees;
An' the feyce o' maw beautiful pet
Is as cumley as Lebenon's trees.
O sweet, verra sweet is his mooth!
A'thegither he luvesome appears;
Noo, *this* is maw luv, in a' trooth,
An' maw freend, O Jerufalem dears!

Part Sixt'.

“ O WHERE hes thaw true luver geyn,
 Fairest 'mang wimmen-folk, speak?
What for hes he left thee aleyn?
 O come, an' thaw lad let us feek!”

Maw luve hes to the gardins geyn,
 An' tiv the spice-beds there;
Upon his froots te feast aleyn,
 An' gether lilies fair.
Aw's maw beluv'd's, an' maw luve's mine:
 He's on the lilies geyn to dine!

Thoo's beautiful, maw luve, maw gem!
As cumley as Jerufalem;
Yet terrible as fowlgers are,
When they wiv colors mairch te war.

O turn away frae me them een,
For they maw doonfa' shure ha'e been!
Thaw hair is like iv goats a flock,
That wanders doon biv Gilyid's rock.
Thaw teeth, like sheep's a' evin fet,
That come frev wesh-tubs dreepin wet;
Like yowes that elways twinnies bear,
For neyn's wivoot her lammies there.
Thaw temples, like ripe apples, shine
Aneath thor bonny curls o' thine!
There's threefcore queens—kep'-misses tee,
An' lots o' vergins a' for me!

Maw duve! maw specklefs duve, is geyn,
Her mammy bore but her aleyn!
Her pet she is, 'beun a' the rest,
The choos'd yen iv her mother's breest.
Queens praises her, tee, heartily,
An' the kep'-laffes likes her, tee.

“ Whe's she that keeks at morn se fuen,
Fairer an' bonnier than the meun,
An' clearer then the day at neun?
Whe's bowlder then the fowlgers far,
When they wiv colors gan to war?

Tiv the gardin o' nuts off aw howed,
The froots o' the valley te fee,
An' te find ef the grapes bonny grow'd,
An' te leuk et the apple-buds, tee.
But afore aw cud hardlys approach,
Maw fowl was like 'Minadib's coach!

O Shulamite, turn back to me!
Howay, an' meyk welcome maw feet!
In the Shulamite what can ye fee,
But twe redgmin's in battle that meet?

Paint Sibint'.

THAW feet wiv shoen maw een weel please,
O prince's dowter fair!
Like jools upon thaw jointed theeghs,
The wark o' gooldsmiths rare.
Thaw neyvil's like a tumler roond,
That licker disent need;
Like a wheat-shef biv lilies bund,
Thaw belly leuks, indeed!
Like twe young rabbits o' yen fize,
Thaw bonny breefts is feed te rise.

Yen ivory pillar is thaw neck;
Thaw een's like puils o' fishes;
Iv Heshbin, 'fide Bathrabbins sneck,
Where luv fees what he wishes.
Thaw nose, a toowr o' Lebenon,
That te Damascus feyces on.

Like Carmel is that heed o' hairs,—
Like logwood-dye, thaw hair;
An' i' the gall'ries up the stairs,
The king is fastin'd there!
But thoo is bonny in maw feet;
O luve! for some chance, happy neet!

Like tiv some pam-tree is thaw shapes;
Thaw breefts like clusters o' ripe grapes.
Says aw, This pam-tree aw mun fee,
An' iv its branches get haud, tee!
Thaw breefts fall be like cluft'rin' vines,
An' thaw nose smell iv apples, mines!
Like the best wine for maw true-luve,
Thaw gob's reed roof fall be;
The wine that sweet is feed to muve,
Meyks sleepin' lips talk free.
Aw's maw beluv'd's, an' he is mine's;
An' tiv me fair his wish inclines.

Come, maw true luve, an' oot we'll gang,
Far ower the fields we'll rove;
We'll lodge the country folk amang,
An' a' the'r kinenefs prove.

Let's i' the grape-yards airly be,
An' watch the growin' vine;
The little grapes we'll, mevies, fee,
An' a' the apples fine.
An' es we roond the gardins rove,
Aw'll gi'e thee a' aw can o' luve!

A fineish smell the man-root gies,
An' et wor gardin-gates,
A' forts o' froots is on the trees,
Baith new and withert waits:
Sic things as thor aw hae for thee,
Then come, maw sweetheart, walk wi' me!

Part the Last.

O EF maw brother thoo cud be,
That fookt maw mother's milk, like me !
Then, ef aw catcht thee walkin' oot,
Aw feun wad kifs thee, ther's ne doot,
An' neyn dorst ca' me ower free.
Aw then cud teyk thee by the hand,
An' lead thee tiv wor heym ;
Maw mother then wad un'erstand,
An' thoo needs think ne sheym.
Then drink she'd brew thee, rare an' fine,
An' pepper het thaw apple-wine.
His reet-hand 'neath maw heed he'd pleyce,
An' wiv his left maw fides imbrace.
O Salem-laffes, teyk ye care,
That ye a' quiet keep ;
And divent roose maw sweetheart, where,
Or when, he likes to sleep.

Whe's yon that frae the moor is feen
Upon his luvèr's airm to lean?
When thoo laid 'neath the apple-tree,
Whe raift thee up, but oney me?
Thaw mother there iv trubble lay,
There furft thoo feed the leet o' day.
Upon thaw airm an' on thaw heart,
Let me maw neym an' ftamp impart;
For luvè es deeth is ftang!
Crule es the grave is jelify;
Ne hetter coals o' fire can be,
That meyk the bleezes thrang!
Greet rivers may come poorin' doon,
But luvè ne fluds can iver droon;
An' ef a chep gies a' he awns,
His kelter, hoofes, an' his lan's,
Juft for to buy true luvè's return,
His brafs, his hoofe, an' lands, wad burn.

We ha'e a fifter, but fhe's fma',
Poor thing! fhe hes ne breefts at a'!
For this bit lafs hoo mun we ftur,
When fweethearts cum a-coortin' hur?
Cawl her a wa'! on her cud ftand
A filler pallis greet an' grand!

Cawl her a door ! shut up she'll be,
Wiv boards faw'd frae the pencil-tree !
Noo, aw's a wa' ! maw breefts is feen,
Like hills, an' please maw luvver's een !

Et Ba-alhamon, Solomon
His grape-yards let biv leese ;
The keepers paid, for grapes hung on,
A thoofan' coins a peece !
Afore me lies maw grape-yards there,
Sol'mon ! a thoofan' is thaw share ;
Tiv them that keeps the grapes that grow,
Twe hun'erd aw wad fair allow.

O thoo, that hes a gardin-hey, m,
Thaw marrows hears thaw voice !
Juft let me liffen to the feym,
An' then we'll a' rejoice !

Maw luve, luik sharp ! lowp up, an' show
The stile that pleases steg an' doe,
When they scud quick, wiv capers nice,
Along the bonny hills o' spice !

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Psalms and Proverbs of Solomon : by the



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